

Title: Azalin, the Lich Lord

Author:

Azalin
the
Lich Lord

and
the Beginnings of
the Ebon Skull

*a riped page from the
tome: The Birth of an
Old Evil*

As it is written in
the diary of Nahman
the Mad, a scholar
long dead, this is the
day a dreaded evil
came to our land. In
the guise of a little
child, this one grew...
and as time ravaged
the weak fleshlings,
he grew in power. He
is called by many
names, whispered
about in bedtime
stories but he is all too
real. Only a few
outside of his Order
have looked upon his
face and survived
unscathed. I have been
to the monster's inner
sanctum and the
darkness I found
there still lingers in
my soul... Fear him,
for his power is
unbound and his bony
hands reap more and
more souls. He is
the horror among
horrors... nameless to
many, but you call
him... Azalin, the
Lich Lord.

the page ends here

...ooOoOoo...

The history of Azalin before he came to Sosaria is lost deep in the Mists of Antiquity. All that is known concerning his ancient past is that he came from a realm of utter evil from which he ruled with several other Dark Lords.

Some speculate that this was a tainted shard that was lost to the Guardian, while others whisper that it was another place altogether, a separate plane of existence.

Regardless, centuries ago, walking out from the Mists; Azalin found himself in Britannia. A place of light and beauty, a place ripe for the taking. He had seen such places before and knew that there were always seeds of darkness waiting to be harvested. And this place had been sown with many such seeds... Upon arriving this plane, the

Lichlord found himself extremely weakened. There was still incredible power within his ancient bones but it paled in comparison to his former might. The ability to walk among mortals was still within his means and this he did. Azalin found himself in Moonglow, the City of Mages. By joining this magical community, Azalin was able to learn about the realm of Britannia and its inhabitants.

Within the echoing halls of the Lycaeum, the Lichlord found evidence that proved the existence of Necromancy. From where he had come from, Necromancy was rife throughout the land. Here it had a very secretive following. He read the tale of the incestuous siblings, Lathiari and Kyrnia who had been the first to discover the Dark Art. Being banished for their sins, the two necromancers fled humanity and experimented in earnest. At one point they had achieved the exalted state of Lichdom, just as Azalin had. These two had also spoke of powerful artifacts known as Shrine Stones. According the undead pair, one of these stones existed on an island of ice. Azalin had read about such a place in his studies, a place not far at all from Moonglow. Visiting the local graveyard, the Lichlord found several of the lesser undead wandering aimlessly. Forcing a sense of direction in their unlivings, Azalin led them to the coast. There they found a lone boat with a few drunken, singing men. There were some who were not even aware that they had died until they felt their corpse move against their own violation. As Azalin's entourage grew he made way to

Ice Island. Once setting foot on the wretched landscape, Azalin knew that he had found his new home. There wasn't a sign of greenery anywhere on the island. Wolves howled in the distance and the numbing cold almost matched the void that was his heart. For many a day and night the Lichlord and his minions scoured the land, searching for the Shrine Stone mentioned in the journals of Kyrnia and Lathiari. In a local dungeon known as Deceit, powerful undead roamed. There Azalin made a few allies but they did not reveal the location of the stone, and so he searched anew.

Finally, after some time on the northern tip of the island, the small undead army found an ankh. The ankh continually bled a crimson stream that formed into a bloody pool set in the middle of a mound of bones.

Extremely charmed by the local, Azalin searched the area for the stone and found a marble pedestal surrounded by hanging skeletons.

Upon the pedestal rested a skull, black as pitch, darker than midnight this grinning artifact greedily absorbed the very light that fell upon it. Approaching the ebon skull, Azalin felt an incredible aura of power emanating from it and actually

felt humbled a bit by its raw strength. The skull spoke to Azalin, telling him many a dark thing. This Ebon Skull was a focal point of the powers of Entropy in the realm of Britannia. Its purpose was to oppose both Order and Chaos, its purpose was to devour their champions and send them screaming into the maw of Oblivion. The Skull told him of others who followed it and served the cause of Entropy. Lathiari, Kyrnia, Zog and the Black Lich were but a few who had answered its call.

The Artifact requested a service from Azalin, in return for the restoration of his former power. The Lichlord, forever seeking more power, agreed to this service. He was to gather more of his kind under him, to serve the powers of Oblivion, to unleash the power of Necromancy upon the innocents and to slay the very land itself. Using his restored power, Azalin called forth the earth itself and the bones of the unliving to form into a spiraling tower. This he dubbed Golgotha, the Tower of Skulls. Here would reside the new found Order of the Ebon Skull. An order of Necromancers and Undead alike who heard the calling of decay, who longed for the world to be a

darker place.
Moments later the
very first to answer
his call came
shuffling from the
dungeon Deceit.
Skeletal knights,
zombies, ghouls and
ghosts made way to
the beacon of
darkness that was
Golgotha. the Order of
the Ebon Skull had
been born and the
world quaked and
knew real terror.